

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whil'st we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedst *Yorke*, and I am sonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, I sweare as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:
Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hee's dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to France,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,
And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine cares.
First, Ile see the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it please my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.
But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,
And girt thee with the sword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*.
Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,
For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

War. Tush, that's a childish obseruation.
Richard, be Duke of *Gloster*: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

Exeunt omnes

Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way.
But stay, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter King Henry disguised.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguise to greete my natue Land.
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble suiters sue to thee for right.
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry sir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the King, King *Edward* hath deposde.

Hen. My Queene and Sonne, poore soules are gone to France,
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a Prince soone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a subtile Oratour.
He laughes, and saies his *Edward* is instalde.
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side, crauing aide for *Henry*.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

Hen. Why so I am in minde, though not in shew?

Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

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